

Room for a Ballad.

O.R.

A Ballad for Rome.

BEING

A Continuation of the Catholick Ballad inviting to Popery;
Upon the best Grounds and Reasons, that could ever yet be produced.

To an Excellent Tune, called, *The Powa's plot.*

Wonder not, that the Scarlet Whore appears
With her Devices, in Red Characters;
Since through the World 'tis sadly underflood,
That Popery is always Writ in Blood.



From Infallible Rome, once more I am come,
With a budget of Catholick ware,
Shall dazzle your Eyes, and your Fancies surprize,
To embrace a Religion so rare.

Oh! the Love and Good-will, of his Holiness still,
What will he not doe for to save ye:
If such pains and such Art, cannot you Convert,
'Tis pitty but Old Nick should have ye.

Now our Priests are run down, and our Jesuits a-
And their Arguments all prove invalid: (ground
See here he hath got, an unheard of New Plot,
To Proselite you with a Ballad.

Then lay by your Jeers, and Prick up your Ears,
Whilst I unto you do display,
The advantage and worth, the Truth and so forth
Of the Roman Catholick way.

If you did but behold, the Faith and the Gold,
Of which Holy Church is possest;
You would never more stray, in th' Heretical way,
But flye to her Lap to be blest.

The Pope is the Head, and doth Peter succeed,
(Pray come away faster and faster)
He succeeds him 'tis true, but would you know how
'Tis only in denying his Master.

He's Infallible too, what need more ado,
And ever had Truth in possession:
For though once Mob Joan, Ascended the Throne,
The same was no breach of Succession.

Our Church and no other, is the Reverend Mother
Of Christians throughout the whole Earth;
Though Older they be, perhaps far than she,
Yet they must owe unto her their Birth.

Our Faith is so great, so sound and Compleat,
It scorneth both Scripture and Reason;
And builds on Tradition, sometimes Superstition,
And oft-times Rebellion and Treason.

Our strict purity, is plain to each eye,
That Catholick Countreys views;
For there to suppress, the sins of the Flesh,
Sodomy is in use and the Stews.

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The second Part, to the same Tune.

Our Zeal has been felt, where ever we dwelt,
On all that our Doctrine deny :
We have a Suspition, we make Inquisition,
And straight the poor Hereticks Fry.

Then they may Plead, or their Scriptures Read,
We value them all not a pin :
The best Argument, that we can invent,
Is with Fire and Sword to begin.

The most Godly way, whatever they say,
Since it their Salvation obtains,
They them Orthodox, with blows and with knocks
And hammers Faith into their brains.

God we can make, of a thin Wafer Cake,
And eat him up when we have done :
A Drop of the Cup Lay-men must not sup,
For the Priests Guzzles that all alone.

We have terrible Bulls, and Pardons for Gulls,
Holy Water to Scar-crow the Devil ;
With Consecrate Swords, take them on our words,
They shall make the Great Turk be Civil.

We have Saints great store, and Miracles more,
With Martyrs a great many from Tyburn ;
Pretty Nuns that dwell, mew'd up in a Cell,
As Chast as Night-walkers of Holbourn.

We have Holy Blood, we have Holy wood,
A Ship-load or some such matter :
We have Holy Bones, and some Holy Stones,
Would make an Old Ladies Chops water.

We have Holy men, seen but now and then,
Monks, Abbots, and Capuchin Friars,
With Merits so great, they can buy one a Seat
In Heaven, or else they are Liars.

Men all you that would sure Salvation procure,
And yet still live as you list :
But mutter and Pray, and say as we say,
And your Catholicks good as e're P—.

We are brisk and free, and always agree,
Allowing our selves to be jolly ;
The Puritan tricks, of dull Hereticks,
We count but Fanatical Folly.

Carousing and Whoring, Drinking and Roaring,
All those are but Venial Transgressions :
The Murthering of Kings, and such pretty things,
Are easily Absolv'd in Confession.

Ale short Pennance, doth wipe away Sin,
And there is an end of all trouble ;

Which having dispatcht, you may fall too'tagen,
And safely your wickedness double.

Bring a good round Sum, Sins past and to come,
Shall presently be forgiven ;
But this you must know, before you do go,
The Excize runs high upon Heaven.

For we have the Price, of every Vice,
Assent at a certain Rate ;
So near at a word, we do them afford,
Not a Penny thereof we can Bate.

But if you're content, a while to be pent,
And in Purgatory purged ;
A smaller Spell, shall preserve you from Hell,
And keep you from being Scourged.

Though you have liv'd a Devil, in all kind of Evil,
Bequeath but a Monastery,
And Angels your Soul, without Controul,
To Abraham's Bosome shall Carry.

Nor need you to fear, who have bought Lands dear,
That were Holy Churches before ;
We'll lend 'em for Life, but for your Souls health
At your Death you must them Restore.

Thus Popery you see, will kindly agree,
If you will it but Embrace,
But if you delay, there's so many i'th way,
That you will hardly get a good Place.

The Critical Time, is now in the Prime,
See how Holly Mother does smile,
And spreading her Arms, to preserve you from
So gladly would you Reconcile. (harm's,

To which purpose behold, do but tell out your Gold
And all Things in readines be ;
For the next Year, his Holiness (we hear)
Doth intend a Jubilee. (†)

You that Pardons would have, or Indulgence crave,
To ROME, to ROME be Trudging,
And do not contemne, good Advice from a Friend,
Nor take his Ballad in dudgeon.

(†) A Time when the POPE useth to grant General Pardons, &c. Formerly kept only every Fiftieth Year : But now that *His Holiness* Marke might the oftner Return, It is observed every Twenty-fifth Year, which happens to be the approaching Year, 1675. And I wish that all Factious or Designing Priests, and Poplings would be packing thither to observe it, that we might be rid of them, having more occasion for their Room then their Company.

F I N I S.